

THE BYSTANDER.

On the bench within the park
In the evening after dark
Making love is such a lark—
"Is not that our car?" do bark."
Waiting benches—not too far
Such a big convenience are—
"Isn't that a lovely star?"
Now you see we've missed our car."

And then they miss another car and the next one and I fear oftentimes the owl car and have to walk home. But what is a one, two or three-mile walk in the moonlight when love is young! Just because I have gotten beyond the romance age I would not dispel "Love's young dream"—experience will do that soon enough, I fear. But, dear me, I would like once in a while after sprinting for a block or so only to watch the tail lights of the car I wanted disappear in the distance to have a chance to sit down and regain the breath lost through a superfluous amount of avoidances.

All of the preamble leads up to the real cause of my grudge and that is the habit of young and sometimes old lovers of occupying for several hours each evening the benches placed at intervals along the Rapid Transit car lines. It is sometimes a bit disconcerting to step into the edge of a park at the corner and find the space required for one occupied by two figures which immediately change their position so as to cover the whole of the bench. Of course they are just waiting for the car and are as much entitled to the seat as you are. Anyway possession is nine points of the law and they keep it.

After running the length of Lewers road the other evening I found the bench at Kalaheua avenue still occupied by a couple who had been waiting there for a car since I passed them two hours before on my way home to dinner. As I said before, I have passed the romance age; but if I should find myself at any time in the future hankering for another dip into Loveland I am going to have a nice little bench all of my own in a quiet secluded (very secluded) corner.

What does radium look like? I thought I was going to find out last Monday evening when I looked at my theater program and saw one of the numbers was to be a radium dance. From all the knowledge I gained from watching that radium dance this new discovery looks not unlike a lot of large black poker chips scattered over a white background. I was puzzled to know the cause of the absence of radium from a radium dance, but as it was the opening night I concluded that the failure of the spotlight to properly work accounted for the failure of any return sparks from the radium costumes or else a sudden rise in the radium market had placed this always expensive article beyond the purse of any but a millionaire.

A couple of days later I saw a picture of ten girls under a big black radium heading and a few lines underneath announcing that these were the beauties who would do the radium dance here so I hid me again to the opera-house. This must be a new kind of invisible radium, a sort of radiumless radium. So far as my knowledge goes Honolulu has never seen a radium dance and if we are the first to see this new variety it should be announced. From a description in a letter received from St. Louis during the World's Fair there the Radium Ballet put on by that great master of the dance, Bolossy Kiralfy, the costumes of the dancers are subjected to a dip in a solution of radium salts and when worn in absolute darkness gave the dancers the appearance of being clothed in real fire. There was at the time a story published to the effect that the radium dance would have to be abolished as the salts shaken from the costumes were ruinous to the dancers' eyes. Probably the Honolulu chorus dancers have refused to risk their eyesight and that is the explanation of the radiumless radium posturing.

Supposing, just for the sake of an argument, that the territorial grand jury wanted to investigate the city attorney's department. What would happen? During the past week we have been informed that the grand jury has no right to consult any lawyer but the city attorney or his deputies, and it would be embarrassing, to say the least, to have to depend upon these for guidance if the searchlight was turned inward. I suppose that the law as interpreted in our local courts does not take into consideration any possibility of there being anything requiring any grand jury probing about the man who may be at any time the city's legal light. But, just suppose—

I see that Cupid is coming down on the good yacht Hawaii, due to arrive here just a little before any of the other yachts in the transpacific race. It is expected that the trip on the little sailing craft will do Cupid good, physically and politically.

I have my doubts about the latter.

Cupid is on record before a congressional committee in regard to the stand he proposed to take and the activity he proposed to show in the plebeian and the campaign leading up to it. His friends here, looking at the situation through political binoculars, were horrified at the idea of any man doing anything that would bring him into disfavor with anyone. The idea that Kahuio might prefer to be a leader in public opinion and be not content to follow what was supposed at the time to be the majority, did not occur to his political friends. They did not credit Kahuio with being a big enough man for that. It looks now as though they might be right.

Cupid's shift of position, in my humble opinion, is going to do more to give the Hawaiian people a black eye before congress than anything else that has ever happened. I understand, too, that the ones who would convince congress that their claim that Hawaii needs a federal guardian is true are collecting extracts from the liquor sellers' organs, the Bulletin, the Examiner, the Ke Au Hou and such other publications, and will present these to the national lawmakers as samples of the things used to persuade Hawaiian voters along any particular line.

The Bystander speaks for no one besides himself, but in his opinion the Hawaiians have the biggest opportunity ever afforded them on July 29 to show either one of two things. They may, by giving a majority to prohibition, prove themselves worthy of the confidence that congress has heretofore bestowed upon them, or, they may, by proving themselves incapable of seeing through the childish arguments of the liquor sellers—arguments advanced apparently because the liquor men do not believe themselves the Hawaiians are able to distinguish between reason and nonsense—vote themselves into a class that congress will have to look after in some way other than that heretofore regarded as the best.

The number of those who would reduce these Islands to the status of a possession is increasing both in the Islands themselves and on the mainland. Hawaii is today the only Territory of the United States with autonomous powers. This fact may be added to others to convince a congressional majority that the territorial status of Hawaii is an anomaly, especially as this happens to be a detached portion of the Union. There are those in high places who believe Hawaii should be governed by the war department, as the Philippines was.

As I have said, these are the personal opinions of The Bystander, but I believe that in them there is food for thought for others.

The Hawaiian electorate is now on trial with the privilege of casting ballots for their own verdict. If they are convicted, it will be by their own confession of weakness formally expressed at the ballot box.

If Secretary of War Dickinson wants to have a visible sign of the patriotic spirits that will swell in our breasts tomorrow, on the glorious Fourth of July, the committee who has him in tow can take him down to see a Japanese baseball team playing a Chinese baseball team. That, to date, is the extent of the Honolulu program.

Small Talks

ANNE MARIE FRESCOTT—The manager of the Associated Charities is right; we have never seen so many very poor on our streets as of late. It is indeed depressing.

JACK DOYLE—I hate to say it but I was a witness at Anderson Grace's first wedding. He was spiked up opposite the depot and invited the town. I and Denton had to sign his articles.

SHERIFF JARRETT—I never thought I'd have any applications for the position of matron at the jail, but I've had dozens. I'll have to pick out a pretty one to induce the prisoners to stay home. No, sir, I haven't made any appointments yet.

THE ADVENTURES OF
JOSHER BLUFFEM

Der Musikmeister.

If it were not for the fact that I have a cousin, thrice removed, who once knew a man who worked in a boiler factory, I think I should have fled. In fact, I am almost sure that I should have made my escape at once and waited not on the order of my going.

But the courage imparted by the ties of consanguinity proved stronger than the cowardly quailings of my palpitating heart, and I stayed. In fact, I may state that I stuck it out. I did not, in other words, run away.

I am thankful now that I was not present at the attempted erection of the tower of Babel. There are two reasons. One is that, if I had been, I should now be dead; the other is that I should have gone crazy. I know, from my recent experience with the Kapellmeister and his band of peace-disturbers.

There happened to be a lull in the noise as I wandered up Miller street or I should never have screwed my nerve up to the sticking point. As it was, I recklessly walked into the yard and asked for Capt. Heine Berger.

An ear-splitting racket was the reply, and heedless in the midst of the noise, gracefully waving a baton and wearing an expression of the most beatific enjoyment, I saw a little man looking like an inverted pouter pigeon, standing on a box and seeming to be the moving spirit of the inferno.

Horrid waves of sound beat upon my ears, deafened me, stunned me, seemed almost to crush me to the ground.

A solid wall of sound fell upon me and smothered me. My ears drummed with the racket; my head ached, my soul cried out in tormented protest. And the little man, standing smilingly upon his box, beat the tortured air with a stick and urged his companion spirits to fiercer exertions.

"Kekkos," he shrieked above the awful din, "kekkos, vat for you tink you blay? Donner und blitzten! Iss it dot you no besser can't do it yet, vot? Iss you gettin' veek in der lungs doch, dass you must loaf so yet? Blay, blay, I tell you. Lauter, lauter, doch!"

Inspired by his energy, the conspirators increased their efforts and the row broke out worse than ever. I covered my ears with my hands and shrieked in agony. Suddenly the puffy figure on the box stiffened into immobility, and silence, like a salve, descended upon my anguished soul.

"Ach, dot vas goot, goot," exclaimed the Musikmeister gleefully. "Almost as goot it vas as vat I meinsel blay in der var—der gread var, verstehen sie? ven vir Chermans march into Paris, ha, ha."

He turned energetically to me. "Ach, mein freund," he ejaculated, "sie auch lofe der musik, nicht wahr? Sie haben gefaintet mit der egzstacy, die Liebe. Sie sint ein musiker, veilleicht!"

I indignantly denied the accusation. "I'm a peaceful and peaceable man," I asserted with dignity, "and I work for a living."

"Heh!"

"I say, I work for a living and I'm an honest man."

"You work an honest man for a living, yes?" he said. "Vell, you needn't boast of it; dere is othara."

I swore feebly and without effect.

"Haf you heard mein latest composition?" asked der Kapellmeister affably.

I shook my head despairingly.

"Nun, sie soll es hoeren," he ejaculated with horrid glee.

"I don't want to," I protested fearfully. "I'm not feeling well today. Some other time."

But my protest fell upon deaf ears. Kapitan Heine mounted his box again, threatened the band with his stick, rapped resonantly on his trousers leg and all the fiends in Hades seemed to beat with redhot pokers on the brazen doors of their abode.

The tortured atmosphere vibrated with sound; piercing shrieks issued from brass throats; the roar of the bass drum was in my ears as the crash of falling cities. Some fiend twisted the tail of a giant locomotive and the monster wailed in anguish. An earthquake wrecked a province, a tornado swept a city into howling ruin. Forty thousand little devils beat on tin pans—and still Kapitan Heine vibrated on his box and yelled "Lauter, lauter! Vy don't you blay, confound you!" And with every yell the volume of horrid sound rose higher toward an outraged sky.

I would have fled but my limbs were paralyzed. Not a muscle could I move. Waves of howling sound rolled round about me and I felt myself drowning in a sea of noise.

And blandly imperturbable, pleased at the energy displayed by his subordinates, proud of his own face and figure, his cap on the southeast corner of his head, his shoulders hunched, his feet wide apart, the captain stood and directed the outrageous efforts of his fellow criminals with a baton and a toothpick.

The toothpick fascinated me. Protruding from one corner of his mouth, it swung to and fro, back and forth, now toward the big tubs, now in the direction of the shrieking first cornet, then over at the bazoo. And at each gyration fresh uproar broke forth, and the captain smiled more broadly.

Just as my outraged senses were taking leave of my tortured body, the racket ceased and the silence almost stunned me. Captain Berger turned to me, glowing with pride.

"Ain't dot fine, yes?" he demanded.

I groaned.

"It is mein own," he said proudly. "I made it. Did you recognize vat it is yet already?"

I shuddered silently and the captain took the convulsion of pain as a negative.

"No?" he said disgustedly. "Don you iss not a musiker, no. Dot is a combination. Me, I did it, yes. It is a hula dance combined mit Handel's Messiah, Sousa's Liberty Bell and dot glasse ballad 'Halle on Her Fingers, yes, and Rings on Her Toesites.' Der iss such a suggestion of der sound of a bowdlerized exhibition and a lard can full mit rucks falling downstairs. Didn't you recognize it, no?"

I groaned again.



"Who iss you, anyway?" asked the captain.
"Josher Bluffem," I replied.
"Ach, so?" he said. "Den it serves you right. Ve vill blay for you some more yet." And again he waved his baton and the toothpick.
I swooned.
When the noise ceased and I came to, he was talking.
"Me, are you going to tell about me?" he asked. "Don't forget, please dot I am Me, Kapitan Heine Berger, der leader off der leetle Hawaiian band. Me, I haf lead der band for more as thirty year. You see der result?"
"You don't have to make any statements that may incriminate yourself," I managed to murmur.
Dot's all right," he said. "Vat you mean?"
"Why do you do it?" I wanted to know. "Do you have to?"
"Haf tot ich verstehe nicht vas sie sagen. Sint sie pupule?"
"No," I replied, "but I will be if you play any more."
He looked aggrieved for a minute, then brightened up. "You want me to blay some more, yes?" he said hopefully, turning toward the band who were smoking cigarettes and looking shameless.
I staggered to my feet and prepared to flee.
"Don't go," he said. "It won't cost you nothing. The county pays for it."
"Why?" I managed to ask.
"Why? Because they iss used to it, of course. Why not?"
The question was a poser and I refused to try to answer it.
"Why do you play when the steamers go away?" I wanted to know.
"Dot's easy," he said. "Vhen departing travelers hears me und my band, dey is not so sorry dey must go. In fact, I sometimes tink dey is glad to get away. I vunder why?"
"Do you know," said the captain confidentially, "this town iss getting too fresh already. Sometimes beople don't like der musik of my band. Dey say it iss too old. Dey don't know. Me, now, I know. I have been playing der same pieces for thirty years und dey iss as goot now like dey vas ven dey vas new, schon. Ve can blay dem lauter now as ve could ten years ago already. Vait. I'll have der band blay Der Wacht Am Rhein."
It was at that point that I made my escape as he turned to the band and rapped on his trousers leg with the toothpick.

Independence Day.

The past held men in chains. Priests, sages, kings
Read from the scroll of time dead, useless things,
Laws, forms, beliefs by which life's lords of old
Were still earth's tyrants from their crumbling mold.
Then in the Quaker City where men heard
Each in his heart its own inviolate word,
There grew the will to put the old aside,
To face the future, seek the dark untrod,
Blaze countless paths for countless human feet,
Making a world of wonders strange and sweet.

That moment set men free. Priest, poet, sage
Wrote on the scroll of time their noble rage,
Love, beauty, truth to which the world should come
Through those long ages when their lips were dumb.
No longer poring over cryptic dust
Of ancient follies or the graven rust
Of swords whose flashings were the fear of slaves,
We cry the fair and new. Before us waves
The future like a banner. To our eyes
Earth is a rolling glory of sunrise.

—Lewis Worthington Smith, in Pacific Monthly.

FUNERAL RITES
FOR A. YOUNG

Hundreds Pay Last Tribute of
Respect to the Beloved
Citizen.

(From Monday's Advertiser.)

Hundreds of the friends and relatives of the late Alexander Young, who died Saturday, paid their last tribute of love and respect to the aged Honolulu financier yesterday afternoon when the funeral services were held at the Central Union Church. The church was well filled and the floral tributes were as elaborate as any ever seen at the funeral services of a private citizen in Honolulu.

A private service was held early in the afternoon at the family residence, Waikiki, and at three-thirty yesterday afternoon the church service was held. The sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. A. Ebersole, who, in fitting words of eulogy, hope and consolation, consigned the soul of the late Mr. Young to the life hereafter.

Immediate relatives present were the widow, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Young, Robert Young, Miss Bertha Young, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. von Hamm, and Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Anderson.

Several other relatives of the late Mr. Young were on the mainland and of course could not be present.

Mr. Young's long business career in Honolulu resulted in many warm friendships, and his death is mourned by a large number of business men. In order to show their respect for him nearly all the big business firms in the city placed the flags on their buildings to half mast.

HIGH OFFICER IS
COMING JULY 15

Colonel Miles of the Salvation
Army Will Inspect the
Hawaiian Posts.

One of the passengers on the Sierra arriving July 15 will be Colonel Charles Miles of the Salvation Army, one of the most important officers of this organization in America. His visit will be for the purpose of inspecting the work of the army in the Hawaiian Islands and will commemorate the fifteenth anniversary of the advent of the organization in the Hawaiian Islands.

In company with Major Willie, the commander of the island division of

the Salvation Army, he will visit the entire group from Kaula to Hawaii, his tour to be followed by several big meetings in Honolulu.

He will speak in the Methodist Church on the morning of Sunday, August 7, and on the evening of the same day at the Christian Church. Later he will preside at the wedding of two of the officers of the association.

Colonel Miles is now in charge of the Pacific Coast division of the army and was formerly the field secretary for the United States, thus being the third in command in the entire country. Previous to that he was commander of the army's division in Africa and has had numerous and interesting experiences in that and other duties.

ALL WRONG

The Mistake is Made by Many Honolulu Citizens.

Don't mistake the cause of backache. To be cured you must know the cause. It is wrong to imagine relief is cure. Backache is kidney ache.

You must cure the kidneys.

The following statement shows you how:

Samuel E. Vaughn, retired, 601 South St., Iola, Kans., says: "For some years I was afflicted with kidney complaint and finally diabetes set in, making my condition critical. The kidney secretions were very unnatural, deposited a sediment and were at times too profuse, then again scanty. I also had severe attacks of pain in the small of my back and sometimes I could hardly get around on this account. I was very nervous and often had such terrible dizzy spells that I was afraid to walk. I tried a number of remedies, but I never found more than temporary relief. Finally I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills and I procured a supply. The contents of three boxes rid me of diabetes, greatly relieved the pain in my back and toned up my whole system." (Statement given in June, 1905.)

On January 27, 1909, Mr. Vaughn added to the above: "I always keep a box of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills on hand and whenever they are used great benefit is received. I am glad to confirm my former endorsement of the remedy."

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and storekeepers at 50 cents per box (six boxes \$2.50) or will be mailed on receipt of price by mail. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute.

The Hollister Drug Co., Honolulu, wholesale agents for the Hawaiian Islands.

STEAMSHIP BALTIC
IN A COLLISION

NEW YORK, July 4.—The steamship Baltic, which arrived here last night, had a collision last week with the German tank steamer Standard. The damage was only slight and the Baltic was able to continue her voyage.

MOB VENGEANCE AGAIN.

CHARLESTON, Missouri, July 4.—Two negroes were lynched here yesterday for the murder of a planter named William Fox.